THE JOURNAL

1921

HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

Taunton, Massachusetts

The Year Book
of the School
Published by
the Senior Class

1921

Entrance of Taunton High School

To

Miss Elsie A. Salthouse

In appreciation of her faithful
work in the French Department of
the Taunton High School, this
Journal is affectionately
dedicated

C. A. HACK & SON, INC., TAUNTON, MASS.

TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL
JOURNAL STAFF
1921

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EDITORIAL

THE many new channels of foreign trade open to the United States since the war have brought foreign languages into the limelight. Never before has a speaking knowledge of the tongues of our foreign brethren been so highly important as today; never before has an affirmative answer to "Parlez-vous français?" or "¿Hablan ustedes español?" been so essential, especially to American salesmen in other lands. It is lamentable that, at this time when linguistic skill is most needed, we should be, in comparison with other peoples, so far below par in language study. "We have foreign languages in the high schools. What more do you want?", some one demurs. Yes, we do have foreign languages, but the students have not yet learned to master them. Indeed, Americans have the reputation of being poor linguists. In a great measure this is due to the fact that Americans do not follow the European method of learning foreign languages,–the method that the French, the German, the Italian scholars employ.

In the first place, in America, languages are more often taken up for mental discipline or for "credits" than for use in after life. In the second, even the best of our language students bear, only too often, a marked resemblance to that well-known prattler, the parrot. They learn the day's lesson, reel it off blithely in class, and leave it behind them as they depart at the end of the session. If, instead of aiming at a good mark, the pupil would try to master the tongue thoroughly, talk it wherever and whenever he has a chance, yes, and think in it, then, in a few years, he would begin to see results, then our foreign counsuls would not have to complain of our lingual short-comings, then our southern neighbors would not term us "the tongue-tied gringos,"-and just about that time would not Uncle Sam's foreign trade quicken apace?

CLASS OF 1921

WILLARD CARLTON ASBURY

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Class President '20 Football '20.
Treasurer of Kappa Chi '20.
Debating Team '20 '21. Cheer Book Com.
Rho Iota Pi
Le Cercle Francais.
Magna Cum Laude.

"He from whose lips divine persuasion
flows."

LOUISE E. AUSTIN

County St. School

College Course Wheaton
Aedile Classicum Concilium
Capt. of Senior Girls' Basket Ball Team.
Le Cercle Francais. A. A.

"I swiftly go and play among them there;
And gently make their rosy cheeks
more fair."

GLADYS PHILLIPS BABBITT

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold."

EDITH ELIZABETH BALLAM
"Dee"

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course — Cum Laude.
Economic Club '18 — A. A.
Civil Service Applicant.
Le Cercle Francais — Orchestra '20.
Lunch Ticket Dispatcher.
Lunch Room Accountant.
Gymnasium '20.

"Blue-eyed and fair in face."

GLADYS RUTH BARR

Leonard School

Commercial Course — Future?
Waitress Alumni Banquet '19, '20.
Waitress Football Banquet '19.
A. A.

"A mind at peace with all below."

HILDA G. BOLSTER

Cohannet Grammar School

Normal Course — Bridgewater.
Le Cercle Francais — A. A.
Cum Laude. — Semichorus.

"What care I for the sordid pleasures of life?"

MOLLIE BOTWAY "Toots"

Cohannet Grammar School.

Commercial Course A. A.

"Judge thou me by what I am."

FLORENCE CECELIA BOURGOIN
"Floss"

Weir Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Home Economics Club '18.

"Write me as one who loves her fellow men"

HAZEL BOUTILIER

Cohannet Grammar School.

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal

"And rather spry is she, withal her stature
is so very small."

FRANCES W. BOWMAN

Cohannet Grammar School

College Course B. U.
Classicum Concilium A. A.
Le Cercle Francais
Basket Ball Team.

"I am a part of all that I have met."

GEORGE RAYMOND BOWMAN

Raynham South Grammar

Commercial Course Future?
A. A.

"I am not only witty in myself but am the cause that wit is in others."

CLARA E. BRIGGS

Leonard School

Commercial Course. A. A.

"Prithee. Why so mute?"

IRVING AMBROSE BROWN, JR.
"Skeet"

Cohannet Grammar School

Technical Course — Worcester Polytech.
Sergeant Cadets '20. — Rho Iota Pi.
1st Sergeant '21. — Class Play '20.
Vice Pres. of Kappa Chi '20.
President of Kappa Chi '21.
Journal Board '21. Cheer Book Com. '20.
Business Manager of "Orange and Black."
Assistant Manager Baseball '19. — Le Cercle Francais — Cheer Leader.

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown."

NELSON GREGORY BURKE

East Taunton School

Commercial Course — Durfee Textile.
Corporal Cadets '20. — A. A.
1st Sergeant '21.

"Yes, I'm small, but so Napoleon was."

DOUGLAS STERLING BURNS
"Red"

Leonard School

Technical Course — Worcester Polytech.
Le Cercle Francais — A. A.

"He curses all Eve's daughters of what complexion whatever."

JOSEPH ANTHONY CABRAL
"Bobs"

County St. School

Technical Course	Durfee Textile
Cadets '18-'19.	A. A.

"As merry as the day is long."

DORIS C. CAHOON
"Dot"

Winthrop St. Grammar School

College Course	Skidmore School
Cum Laude	of Arts
Sec. Kappa Phi Delta	A. A.

Executive Committee of Le Cercle Francais
Associate Editor of the Journal.

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."

MARION CAMPBELL

East Taunton School

Normal Course	Bridgewater Normal
Classicum Concilium	Le Cercle Francais.

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she".

PASQUALE CANTOREGGI

New Bedford High School

Commercial Course A. A.
Vice President of Kappa Chi.
Football '20. Le Cercle Francais.

"E'n tho' vanquished he could argue still."

ALBERT. M. CARR
"Al." "Boob McNutt"

Cohannet Grammar School

College Course A. A.
Major T. H. S. C. '21 Debating Team '19, 20, 21,
Bugler Sergt. '19, '20 Pin Committee
Class President '19 School Council '19.
Class Play Committee Le Cercle Francais.
Class Play '20 '21. Cheer Leader '20, '21
Editor of "Orange and Black."

"Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great?"

FRANK JOSEPH CARROLL
"Darb"

Cohannet Grammar School.

Technical Course M. I. T.
Football '20. A. A.

"Just see his honest face."

M. FRANCES CASSIDY
"Fan"

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course. A. A.
Waitress Alumni Banquet
Civil Service Applicant.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale."

MILDRED C. CASWELL
"Mil"

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Civil Service Applicant.

"Indeed, I'm much beloved by me."

ROBERT B. CHANDLER
"Bob"

County St. School

College and Technical Courses — Amherst College A. A.
Editor-in-chief of Journal — Sergeant Cadets '21.
President Le Cercle Francais.
Praetor Classicum Concilium.
Class Play Committee — Class Pin Com.
Orchestra '20, '21. — Magna Cum Laude

"Throw physic(s) to the dogs; I'll none of it."

MILDRED FRANCES CHILD

"Mid," "Billy"

Winthrop Grammar School

Commercial Course
Member A. A. Waitress Alumni Banquet '20.

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty."

DENNIS JOSEPH STANLEY CIOLKOSZ

"Dinty"

Cohannet Grammar School

College Course Tufts Dental College
Le Cercle Francais A.A.

"I have fought a good fight,-
I have finished my course."

HARRIET GOULD CLAY

Winthrop Grammar School

Commercial Course
Boston University.

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."

OSWALD ROBERT COE
"Nosey"

Leonard School

College Course
Baseball '21. Kappa Chi

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

SARAH COHEN
"Sally"

Somerset Grammar School.

Commercial Course A. A.
Gymnasium and Basket Ball
Classicum Concilium
Le Cercle Francais
Kappa Chi

"Ah! Smile again, Sweet,-
'Tis the sunshine!"

JAMES CHARLES CONLON
"Pasca"

Weir Grammar School

College Course Holy Cross
Classicum Concilium Kappa Chi
Le Cercle Francais

"For I am nothing if not critical."

JOHN CONWAY
"Jack"

East Taunton Grammar School

Commercial Course
Sergeant Cadets '21.
Le Cercle Francais.
"A pleasant lad of quite unconscious (?) nerve."

HARRIET ALLEN COOPER

Cohannet Grammar School.

College Course
Boston Conservatory of Music.

"Dress is the business of all women."

SARAH COOPERSTEIN

Weir Grammar School

College Course — Simmons College
Kappa Chi — A. A.
Classicum Concilium — Semichorus
Le Cercle Francais

"All I ask is to be let alone."

MARTHA JANE COPELAND

Woodward School

Commercial Course
Cum Laude A. A.
Le Cercle Francais
Lunch Ticket Dispatcher
Lunch Room Accountant

"Quietly modest, of wisdom full."

ALICE MABLE COYLE
"Al"

Weir Grammar School

A. A. Commercial Course

"One of earth's fairest flowers."

DOROTHY CAMERON CREW
"Dot"

William C. Russell Grammar School,
Dorchester, Mass.

Semichorus A. A.
Le Cercle Francais.

"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

ALICE DAVIS

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course Commercial Art.
Semichorus.

"So sweet, so winsome, and so much!"

SHELDON TALBOT DEAN
"Ches"

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course Orchestra '21.
Lunch Room Cashier.

"He can read, and write, and cast accompt."

HELEN DEVEREAUX

Weir Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Kappa Phi Delta Semichorus

"She was as good as she was fair."

RALPH DICKERMAN
"Dick"

Cohannet Grammar School

College Course Athletic Association
Corporal T. H. S. C. '19-'20.
1st Lieutenant T. H. S. C. '20-'21.

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?"

EMERSON ARNOLD DILL
"Pickles"

Raynham School

Technical Course M. I. T.
Le Cercle Francais A. A.

"No other man is like to this."

GLADYS IRMA EATON
"Snooks"

South Raynham School

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal

"An equal mixture of good humor
And sensible soft melancholy."

SPENCER E. EATON

"Barney Google"

Winthrop School

Technical and Manual Arts Courses

Boston Normal Art

Sergeant T. H. S. C. '20

1st Lieut. and Adjutant T. H. S. C. '21.

Senior Reception, '20.

Business Manager of Journal

Orchestra '20, '21.

"Musical as is Apollo's (f)lute."

ELSIE M. EVANS

South School

Commercial Course Cum Laude

"And all who knew her marvelled at her patience."

HELEN PATRICIA FENTON

Cohannet Grammar School.

College Course Le Cercle Francais

"My soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

MARY ALICE FITZGIBBONS
"Fitzy"

East Taunton School

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
Le Cercle Francais

"In came Mrs. Fezzywig,
One vast substantial smile."

THOMAS FLANGHEDDY

Hopewell School

Commercial Course A. A.

"We grant, altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."

GIOCONDO GAGLIARDI
"Gag"

Weir Grammar School

Technical Course M. I. T.
Vice President '20 A. A.
President '21 Kappa Chi '20
Associate Editor Journal
Ring Committee '21
Class Play Committee '21
Magna Cum Laude
"Let him bear the palm who deserves it."

SHELDON GARDNER
"Shel"

Cohannet Grammar School
Manuel Arts Course "Big Six"
Vice President '21 Kappa Chi
Executive Board A. A. F. M. Club
Capt. Junior Baseball Team
Baseball '20, '21 "T" Club
Senior Basket Ball Team
Sergeant T. H. S. C. '20
2nd Lieutenant T. H. S. C. '21

"As proper a man as one may see in a summer's day."

CHARLES KENNETH GLYNN

Dighton Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.

"There are souls like stars, that dwell apart."

JAMES A. GOLDIE

Immaculate Conception School

Commercial Course A. A.
Football '17-'19

"'Tis impious in a good man to be sad."

ISRAEL GOLDSTEIN
"Izzy"

East Taunton School

College Course	Harvard
Le Cercle Francais	A. A.
Classicum Concilium	Cadets '18, '19

"Behold the child! By Nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

IDA GOLUB

East School

Commercial Course	A. A.
Le Cercle Francais	Cum Laude
Civil Service Examination	

"Who thinks too little, and who talks too much."

CAROLYN MAE GOUGH

Weymouth High School

General Course
Miss Wheelock Kindergarten Training School

"Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even."

BRADFORD D. GRANT
"Brad"

Hopewell Grammar School

Manuel Arts Course — Bradford Durfee Textile School
Le Cercle Francias '21 — A. A.
Cadets '17, '18

"Gaze at me; I'm a funny man."

ROBERT M. GREGG
"Bob"

Cohannet Grammar School

Manuel Arts Course — A. A.
President A. A. '21 — Kappa Chi '20,'21
Baseball '18 '19 '20 '21 — Cadets '18, '19
Captain Baseball '21 — F. M. Club
Committee Revision of Constitution '19
Capt. T. Club Basket Ball Team '20 '21
Capt. Senior Basket Ball Team '20 '21
Assistant Gym Director '19 — "T" Club
Member "Big Six"

"That handsome football player."

MARION EVELYN HACKETT
"Dink"

Winthrop Grammar School

Commercial Course — A. A.
Cum Laude

"Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids."

ANNA ELIZABETH HALLIN

County Street School

Commercial Course

"I do not hunger for a well-stored mind."

ANNA SHAW HART

County Street School

Normal Course — Bridgewater Normal
Le Cercle Francais — A. A.

"A brighter smile you never saw."

FLORENCE HOWLAND HASKINS

Myricks Grammar School

Commercial Course — A. A.
Waitress Alumni Banquet '20.

"There is such a charm in melancholy
I would not be gay if I could."

HILDA ANNA HASKINS

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course B. U.
Kappa Phi Delta A. A.
Class Secretary '19, '20
Junior Reception Committee
Sophomore Banquet Committee
Kappa Chi C. I. G. Club
Civil Service Applicant

"Her beauty, grace, and power
Wrought as a charm upon them."

ELIZABETH J. HATHAWAY

Weir Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Office Work

"How pure in heart, and sound in head."

MIRIAM GODFREY HODGES

Leonard School

Commercial Course A. A.
Kappa Phi Delta

"So buxom, blithe, and debonair."

ADELINE URSULA HOERNLEIN

Weir Grammar School

Normal Course	Bridgewater Normal
Le Cercle Francais	A. A.
Basket Ball Team	Cum Laude

"Most musical, most melancholy."

DOROTHY HOLLINDALE

Hopewell School

Commercial Course	A. A.
Le Cercle Francais	

"Her eyes are homes of silent thought."

MILDRED HELEN HOWE

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course	B. U.
Kappa Phi Delta	A. A.
Kappa Chi '20	C. I. G. Club
Waitress Alumni Banquet '19	
Committee School Paper '21	
Office Work	

"Able to corrupt a saint."

PERCY HUTCHINS

Hopewell Grammar School

Commercial Course B. U.

"Every man has his faults, and honesty is his."

CLEMENT KELIHER

Immaculate Conception School

General Course B. U.

"A very proper, quiet man."

MARY GERMAINE KELLIHER

Immaculate Conception School

Normal Course Bridgewater Normal
Le Cercle Francais A. A.
Basket Ball Team '21 Semichorus
Civil Service Applicant French play '21

"Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light."

CLIFFORD THOMPSON KING

County Street School

General Course — Future?
Le Cercle Francais — A. A.

"Beware the fury of the patient man."

SARAH DOROTHY KING
"Dot"

Chicopee Falls Grammar School

College Course — Mount Holyoke
Associate Editor Journal — A. A.
Le Cercle Francais
Consul Classicum Concilium
Kappa Phi Delta — Magna Cum Laude

"I am the mistress of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

BEATRICE FAIRBANKS LAPHAM
"Bea"

Weir Grammar School

Commercial Course — A. A.
Secretary Kappa Chi '21
Cum Laude

"My true-love hath my heart
And I have his."

BARBARA LEONARD
"Bab"

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course — Future?
Kappa Phi Delta — A. A.
Le Cercle Francais
Basket Ball Team '18, '20.
Waitress in Lunch Room
Senior Reception Committee

"Is she not passing fair?"

ETHEL M. LEVY
"Pud****h**d"

Hopewell Grammar School

Commercial Course — Burdett (?!!)
Le Cercle Francais — A. A.
Kappa Chi — Orchestra '20
French Play '21 — Office Work
Basket Ball '20, '21.

"Cause I's wicked, I is,
I's mighty wicked, anyhow
I can't help it."

GLADYS LINCOLN

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course — B. U.
Vice President Kappa Phi Delta — A. A.
President Basket Ball Team '19
Kappa Chi '19 — C. I. G. Club

"Here's a sigh for those who love me
And a smile for those who hate."

HESTER MACDONALD

Leonard School

Commercial Course Bryant & Stratton
Kappa Phi Delta A. A.
Class Play '20 Waitress in Lunch Room
Captain Basket Ball Team '19
Senior Reception Committee
Perfect Attendance in Taunton High

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

ETHEL ELIZABETH MACOMBER

Burt's Corner School

Commercial Course A. A.
Le Cercle Francais

"Her stature tall,-I hate a dumpy woman."

SOPHIA PENELOPE MACPHEE

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Basket Ball '21.

"Untimely grave."

STANLEY CARPENTER MANSFIELD
"Stan"

Anawan Grammar School

Manual Arts Course
Class '21 Basket Ball Team.

"Arise, and shake the hayseed from thee!"

DORIS MADELINE MARSHALL

Cohannet Grammar School

Normal Course	Framingham Normal
Semichorus '21	Kappa Chi
A. A.	Cum Laude

"Her little air of precision sits so well upon her."

FRANK MARTIN
"Pants"

Hopewell Grammar School

Technical Course	Harvard
Le Cercle Francais	A. A.
French Play	
Associate Editor of Journal.	

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

REGINALD WENDELL MASON
"Pete"

Weir Grammar School

College Course	Amherst
Le Cercle Francais	A. A.

"Oh let me hear thee but recite-recite again."

ANNA STANISLAUS MASTERSON

Weir Grammar School

Commercial Course	Cum Laude
Semichorus	Kappa Chi
Senior Basket Ball	A. A.

"Proper words in proper places."

ROSE MARGARET McCAFFREY

Cohannet Grammar School

Normal Course	Bridgewater Normal
Semichorus	
Le Cercle Francais	A. A.

"Laugh and be fat."

MARY ELLEN McCORMACK

Weir Grammar School

Commercial Course	A. A.
Semichorus	Kappa Chi

"I speak in a monstrous little voice."

CHARLES JOSEPH McGOWAN

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.

"A lonely man, and one with many friends".

ANITA ZELMA McKENNEY
"Neat"

Weir Grammar School

College Course	Wheaton College
Le Cercle Francais	Kappa Chi '21
Classicum Concilium	A. A.
Semichorus '21	Basket Ball '19-'21

"A soft, meek, patient, humble spirit."

EILEEN CLARE McMAHON

Weir Grammar School

Normal Course — Bridgewater Normal
Le Cercle Francais — A. A.
Praetar Classicum Concilium
Kappa Chi '21 — Semichorus '21
Basket Ball '21 — Magna cum Laude

"A prodigy of learning."

WINIFRED AGATHA McNAMARA

Leonard School

Commercial Course — A. A.
Le Cercle Francais

"There is none like her."

MANUEL FRANCIS MENICE

Hopewell Grammar School

Commercial Course — A. A.
Cum Laude

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

GORDON A. MILLER
"Gordy"

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Sophomore Baseball Team F. M. Club

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief."

WINIFRED ELIZABETH MOLDEN
"Winkie"

Winthrop Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Waitress Alumni Banquet '19, '20.

"A very proper, quiet girl."

LYDIA MILDRED NEARING

Winthrop Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.

"Fair-haired and redder than the windy morn."

BASIL ARTHUR NEEDHAM
"Bay"

Hopewell Grammar School

Technical Course	M. A. C.
Le Cercle Francais	Kappa Chi
Color Sergeant T. H. S. C. '21	

"A lad of striking personality."

SARAH GERTRUDE NICHOLS

Weir Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my life is pure."

MAURA BARBARA O'NEILL

St Mary's High School

College Course	Smith
Le Cercle Francais	French Play
Classicum Concilium	A. A.

"They love her, look upon her
As a spelling paragon."

HELENA ALMEDA PARLOW
"Happy"

Cohannet Grammar School

Normal Course	B. U. School of Secretarial Science
Le Cercle Francais	A. A.
French Play	

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."

WILLIAM ALBERT PERRA
"Al"

Hopewell Grammar School

Technical Course	Bently
Corporal T. H. S. C. '20	A. A.
Sergeant T. H. S. C. '21	
Cadet Music Committee '21	
Cadet Printing Committee '21	
Le Cercle Francais	Football '20

"A nice fellow, but too easily led into the byways of this world."

ARTHUR MERRILL POND
"Pondy"

Bay Street School

Technical Course	B. U.
Secretary Le Cercle Francais	A. A.
Football '19, '20	"T" Club
Capt. Football '20	Big Six
Baseball '21	Cadets '14, '15 '16
Capt. Senior Baseball '21	
Chairman Senior Reception Committee '20.	

"An athlete! By the Gods, an athlete."

FRANCES JANET QUINLAN
"Frankie" "Frank"

Cohannet Grammar School

College Course — Simmons College
Kappa Phi Delta — Secretary A. A.
Treasurer of class '21 — Class Play
Junior Reception Committee
Class Play Committee
Classicum Concilium

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—
An excellent thing in woman."

ALICE MARGARET RAFTER

Immaculate Conception School

Commercial Course — Bookkeeping
A. A.

"We love her, for her name is Alice."

KENNETH RAE RANKIN
"Ken"

Hopewell Grammar School

College Course
Tufts Dental College — A. A.
Le Cercle Francais — Kappa Chi
Cadets '17, '18. — Big Six.

"He bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

VIOLA ANNE RAYMENT
"Vi"

Hopewell Grammar School

College Course — Skidmore(?)
Classicum Concilium — A. A.
Le Cercle Francais — Class Play '20
Junior Reception Committee
Semichorus — Class Play '21
Senior Social Committee
Treasurer Kappa Phi Delta — Class Play Committee

"Of wide experience in affections."

ELIZABETH J. REID
"Lizzy"

Hopewell Grammar School

Normal Course — Bridgewater Normal
Le Cercle Francais — A. A.
Cum Laude

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair."

ETHEL GIRARD RICHMOND

North Lakeville School

Commercial Course — Future?
Cum Laude

"One of our noblest, sanest, and most obedient."

DOROTHY H. RICKETSON
"Dot"

Weir Grammar School

Commercial Course — Burdett
Business Manager Kappa Chi — A. A.
Basket Ball — Cum Laude

"Graceful as a lily, and as slender."

KENNETH RIPLEY
"Biddy"

Leonard School

College Course — Dartmouth College
Sergeant T. H. S. C. '21.

"A born student, and a bright one."

MARY EMMA ROSE

Weir Grammar School

Normal Course — Bridgewater Normal
Le Cercle Francais — A. A.
Waitress Football Banquet '20
Waitress Alumni Banquet '19, '20.

"Was there ever a girl like Mary?"

FLORA ROSELTHA SHERMAN
"Rose"

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.

"Style is the dress of thoughts."

LENA SILVERMAN

Cohannet Grammar School
Commercial Course A. A.
Le Cercle Francais

"Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile."

NELLIE MAY SIMMONS

East Taunton School

Household Arts Course
Waitress Alumni Banquet '20

"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."

FREDERICK KENNETH SPENCER
"Ted"

Winthrop Grammar School

College Undecided
Baseball all four years-Pitcher
Kappa Chi '21 A. A.

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows."

LORETTA RITA SPILLANE

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Le Cercle Francais Cum Laude

"Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays."

MARY AGNES SPILLANE

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Le Cercle Francais

"Modesty is the queen of virtues."

WILLIAM HERBERT SWIFT
"Bill," "Capt. Dubb"

College Course B. U. School of Medicine
Corporal Co. A., T. H. S. C. '20.
Captain Co. A., T. H. S. C. '21.
Chairman Dramatics Committee
Military Editor Journal
Football Manager '21 Class Play '21
Le Cercle Francais A. A.

"His bark is worse than his bite."

CHARLES HIRAM SYLVANDER

Winthrop Grammar School

General Course A. A.
T. H. S. C. '17-'19

"There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face."

THEODORE TAYLOR
"Teddy" "Andy Gump"

Cohannet Grammar School
Technical Course M. I. T.
Sergeant Co. B., T. H. S. C. '20
Captain Co. B., T. H. S. C. '21
Class Play '20 A. A.
Le Cercle Francais Kappa Chi
Assistant Football Mgr. '20
Assistant Treas. Cadets '19

"Long and lanky, tall and thin,
With worlds of knowledge (???!!) stored within."

SOPHIE TEPLOW

Judson School, Raynham

Commercial Course — B. U. College of Secretarial Science
Le Cercle Francais — A. A.
Kappa Chi

"With just enough of learning to misquote."

JOSEPH ARNOLD TETLOW
"Tet"

Weir Grammar School

Commercial Course — A. A.

"My life is one demed horrid grind."

GEORGE OTIS THAYER

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course — A. A.
Corporal Co. A., T. H. S. C. '20
2nd Lieutenant Co. A., T. H. S. C. '21

"An eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

BARBARA KATHERINE TULLOCK

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.

"I never saw so young a lady with so old a head."

AGNES MAY VASCONCELLES

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Le Cercle Francais

"A merry heart goes all the day."

HELEN LOUISE WARNER

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course Framingham Normal
Waitress Football Banquet '19
Waitress Alumni Banquet '20 A. A.
Home Economics Club '17 Kappa Chi
'18, '19

"Behold the nimble-fingered seamstress."

STUART EDEN WATERFIELD
"Stew"

Hopewell Grammar School

Commercial Course Bentley
T. H. S. C. '17, '18
Orchestra '20, '21—Concertmaster
Class Secretary '21 A. A.
"He has no enemy in all the school."

EDNA WEYGAND

Hopewell Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Le Cercle Francais Cum Laude

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow."

HELEN ELIZABETH WILEY

Winchester High School

Commercial Course A. A.
President Kappa Phi Delta
Treasurer Class '19 and '20
Assistant Business Manager Journal
Class Play Committee '21 Class Play '21
Semichorus
"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more fair."

CHARLES EDWARD WISE
"Y. Z. "

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.

"He seemeth *wise*, but doth belie his name."

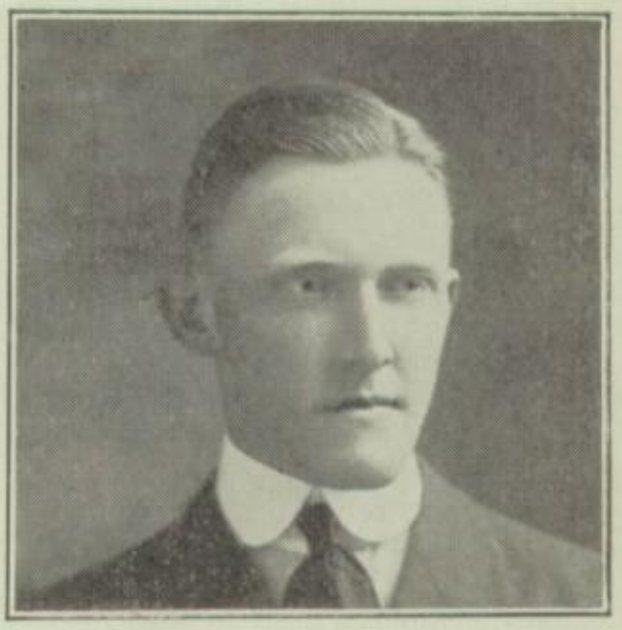
LOUISE COLBURN WITHERELL
"Weezey"

Cohannet Grammar School

Normal Course
Le Cercle Francais
Canning Club
French Play
Cum Laude
Bridgewater Normal
Semichorus
A. A.
Class Play '21

"'Tis the song ye sing, and the smile ye wear,
That's making the sunshine everywhere."

ROGER G. WITHERELL



Pratt School

Technical Course
Baseball '20, '21
Football '20
Color Sergeant T. H. S. C. '20
1st Lieutenant Co. B., '21
Le Cercle Francais
North Eastern School of Engineering
A. A.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

HERBERT CLIFTON WOODWARD
"Clif"

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course Bently
Corporal T. H. S. C. '20
1st Sergeant '21 A. A.
Le Cercle Francais

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."

GRACE ZELMA WOODWARD
"Gracey"

Woodward School

Commercial Course A. A.

"That capability and godlike reason."

ELSIE ELLA YOUNG

Cohannet Grammar School

Commercial Course A. A.
Semichorus
Waitress Alumni Banquet '17

"My own thoughts often amuse me."

MERTON LEONARD YOUNG
"Mert" "Wal"

Cohannet Grammar School

Manual Arts Course A. A.
Assistant Cashier in Lunch Room

"I am not in the roll of common men."

TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

1920-1921

FRED U. WARD	Principal
F. ARTHUR WALKER	Sub-Master, Mathematics
M. MILDRED ATWELL	Latin, Ancient history
G. WARREN AVERILL	Manual training
MARION R. BOTTOMLEY	General science
I. LOUISE BULLARD	Mathematics
GLADYS W. CHACE	Mathematics
FRANCES H. CHANDLER	English
W. J. CLEMSON	Music
ALGIE CUMMINGS	Commercial branches
CHARLES A. DANOLDS	Algebra, Athletics
LOVICY DELANO	Civics, English
FREDERIC T. FARNSWORTH	French, Latin
FRANCES R. FOSTER	Secretary
ELWOOD FRASER	Chemistry, General science
MURIEL GELINAS	Commercial branches
HELEN G. GILMAN	Librarian
FLORENCE E. GREENLEAF	Sewing
MADELENE HANDY	English
CHARLES A. HATHAWAY	Physics, Botany
FLORENCE KELLEY	English
MARTHA E. LORD	English
ANNA R. MANUEL	Cookery
MAYDELL MURPHY	English
JOSEPH R. PARKER	Mechanical drawing
ANNA B. PERKINS	Latin
WILLIAM P. QUINN	History
ELSIE A. SALTHOUSE	French
FRANCES B. SANGER	Mathematics
AUGUSTA E. STEWART	Commercial branches
FLORENCE H. STONE	English
RUTH E. WELLS	French
GLADYS M. WILBUR	Mathematics
LAWRENCE W. WILBUR	Commercial branches
EDITH M. WILLIAMS	Freehand drawing
A. BELLE YOUNG	Commercial branches

CLASS WILL

WE, of '21, without exception the best class that Taunton High has ever seen, being mentally, morally, and financially embarassed, have nothing to leave to the second, the third, and the fourth-best classes but the following individual bequests:—

I. Brown:—My elongated extremities to Jakey Berkover '22.

A. Carr:—My excessive height to Young and Blake '22, to be shared equally.

M. Child:—To Hazel Lapham '22, my ability to look interested in history class so that I shall not be called on to recite.

D. Crew:—My ability to make an acquaintance to C. W. '23

G. Eaton:—My standing room in the E. Taunton car to H. Campbell '24.

S. Gardner:—To McNally, my crepe-de-chine basketball.

I. Goldstein:—To Mr. Walker, my goat which he angled for vainly for three years.

B. Grant:—My amusing laugh to Miss W----, French class.

H. Haskins:—To Ruth Ripley '23, my unsurpassed ability to secure the largest ice cream cone in the lunch room.

D. King:—To the lone girl in the Physics III class, my sympathy.

W. Mason:—To Brady '23, my scattered brains.

A. Masterson:—My sympathy to future history classes.

M. Menice:—My important position as drum-corps director of 106 to L. Brassel '22.

G. Miller:—To Dinty O'Day '22 my place in Mr. Quinn's affections.

A. Perra:—My well-polished sergeant's stripes to "Major" Dunn '22.

F. Quinlan:—My community powder-puff to any deserving Junior girl.

C. Sylvander:—To L. Gibson, my desk full of scrap paper in Room 101 that he so kindly left during study periods.

L. Witherell:—To C. W. '23, my "Cum laude," in the hope that she will prefix a "Magna."

CLASS PROPHECY

IRVING A. BROWN

AFTER I was graduated from the Taunton High School, I studied at Pecan University where I was graduated with the degree of N. U. T. and became a full-fledged squirrel on the tree of knowledge. But twenty years of hard labor was all I could endure. Crack! Crack!! Crack!!! This time it was my brain. My physician prescribed travel as a sure cure-all. In fact he insisted upon it if I desired permanent relief. And for months I looked to scenery and change of environment for the elixir of health. But I knew that I did not improve. Children pointed at me; old men gazed at me and shook their heads. Without consulting my physician, I determined now to seek human companionship. I felt that this was my only remaining hope.

Besides, I was down to my last nickel. So for safety I placed it in my mouth. Unfortunately a trio of ruffians composed of King, Mason, and Goldstein did me up. In consequence as I awakened from my state of innocuous desuetude, I discovered that I had swallowed the nickel. I leaned against the trolley post to support myself. Upon the approach of the car marked Herringtown, I asked Motorman Cabral if I might ride for a nickel on the inside. Cabral with his accustomed graciousness admitted me. I climbed on and kept my ears open. Said Miss Austin to Miss Ballam, "If you'd only move over, one more could sit down."

"Yes," spoke up Conlon, nosing into the conversation, "if Cantoreggi would only get up, the whole carful could be seated."

Conlon was looking for local color for his new novel, and Cant, the blacksmith, showed him several shades of blue. Meanwhile Clara Briggs, being tired of strap-hanging, inquired if any of them had homes, as she,

having stood on her feet all day, was greatly fatigued.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Miss McKenney, "how foolish to stand on your own feet!"

Burke, the conductor, came up. "Fare," said he.

"Yes, pretty good day."

I began to cough.

"That's right," Menice, the doorman answered, "Cough it up."

Just then the car stopped, and all eyes were turned to Roseltha Sherman, the belle of the town, who daddled down the aisle.

"My good man," she said, as we approached her stop, "which end of the car shall I get out at?"

"Either, the car stops at both ends," broke in Carroll the newsy.

"Wait 'til I get my clothes on!"

We all turned in wonder toward the door, and in walked Miss Fitzgibbons with a basket of laundry.

"Change at the four corners," said Burke to Gladys Eaton, who carried a stenographer's satchel.

"I'll take my change now," she replied, "and dont be so fresh."

The conductor and motorman having conferred together, I threw myself out of their arms into the street. The ambulance coming to rest directly over my body, I was left by Burns, the driver, and Coe, the attendant, as a false alarm, for no one was to be found. However, Dill, the Aromata Cheese salesman, picked me up and carried me to Dr. Martin's hospital where, under the care of Martha Copeland and Helen Devereaux, combined with the administration of several bottles of Hutchins' Aqua Pura, I was turned out next day by the janitor, Joe Tetlow. But my health was not restored.

In front of the place, I asked Ripley, the hard beat cop, to direct me to the nearest drug store. Passing down the street, I saw Carr and Chandler in white-wing uniforms cleaning up everything possible. Inside the drug store—one of the Woodward chain—I asked M. Caswell at the fountain for some of her nose rouge. She looked searchingly, and then whispered to her assistant, F. Bowman, who, in a furtive manner, handed me a glass of root beer.

"Dick!" whispered Mil.

Swallowing glass and all, I turned. Sure enough, not a "tec" but Dickerman the great engineer, who invented the square ball-bearing.

Going out, I met Gagliardi.

"Where are you living now?"

"Out in one of the superbs in the outshirts."

"Really!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," continued Gag, "I've got a bungalow resigned by Miller, executed by Mansfield, furnished by L. Nearing, the inferior decorator, with indecent lighting by Taylor, and openwork plumbing by Glynn."

"I suppose you have a bath?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," laughed Gag, "I live there only two months a year."

My eye observed a sign "Rubber Collars Retreaded! Shoes Oiled with Squeakless Oil!!!" I entered the shop, only to find C. McGowan engaged in teaching shoes not to stick out their tongues. I wished him success and went on to Mary Kelliher's Hash House.

"Hamburg, cup of coffee," I ordered.

"Bull, chew it. Bossy black in the face," shouted the sunny-haired youth behind the counter, none other than Roger Witherell.

Attracted by the draft, I turned only to find Perra inhaling soup.

"Good soup," he said.

"Sounds good," added Maura O'Neil, the waitress.

Making a hasty exit ahead of Mary's cash register, I entered the Paymore Hotel.

"Sign here," said Needham to a lady ahead of me.

"No, sir," replied Miss McCaffrey, "I'm a business woman, and sign nothing I haven't read over."

A little boy, all brass buttons, "Bill" Swift it looked like, showed her to the elevator. Not wishing to take any chances, I walked up the stairs. "Jo" Parlow, in blue gingham, on hands and knees was operating with a mop and a cake of soap.

"Do you really believe ignorance is bliss?" she inquired, pointing to a sign, "Please Do Not Use Stairs," at the foot of the landing.

"I don't know," I replied, "You seem to be quite happy."

I reached my room two jumps ahead of the floor mop. My, but it was cold up there. I went to the phone and called the janitor.

"Who is it?"

"'Tis Conway."

"I want some heat up here."

"Go die," he replied.

I hung up, not wishing to hear any more indecent language.

As there was a fireplace in the room, I walked out into the hall in search of something to burn. Under some red buckets on a shelf was a sign, "For Fire Purposes Only, by order of the Masterson, McMahon, McNamara Co." The very thing. Taking them in the room, I started a fire. I was now ready for bed.

I turned to extinguish the "handy" light, but could not find the switch. 'Twas an E-Z Light manufactured by the Hathaway, Hollindale Co. Finally, in despair, I put it in the bureau drawer and shut it. Just before climbing in, I looked down to the street. I was about a mile up. Suppose I should fall! Luckily my eyes fell upon a sign on the wall "Safe in the Office." Down I went and explained to Gardner, the night clerk, that I had come down to be sure of safety.

"Only fools are sure of anything," he said.

"Sure of that?" asked Mildred Howe who had just come in from a tea-party.

"I certainly am," replied Gus, much to her amusement.

Next morning I was presented with my bill.

"I'm sorry—" I began.

"You don't leave here till it's paid," yelled "Jim" Goldie, the manager.

"Thank you, I'll make it my permanent home."

When I came to, I found myself on the operating table under the hands of Dr. Gregg. As I was coming out of the ether, I heard him tell the nurse, "Bea" Lapham, to pull the shade, as the patient was coming out and the fire across the street might lead me to believe the operation unsuccessful. I left abruptly, pawned my gold tooth, and hastened to the railway station. "A ticket for Ware," I said to Miss Golub behind the wicket.

"Where?"

"Ware," I replied. Finally, with fire in my eye, I wrote it out.

"One dollar."

"Ninety-eight cents I'll give you."

"No cut rates."

"All right, I don't argue, I'll walk."

Soon I heard a whistle. "Whistle all you want, I won't come back," I thought. Happily it was a double track, and I was on the right one, which was left.

A bit farther on I met Spencer Eaton. "I'm a detective," he said.

"What kind of dog is that?" I inquired.

"Oh that's my gum-slot poodle; he gets the scent. I'm looking for Grant, the President of this railroad."

"How'll you find him out here?" I queried.

"Don't you see I am on his track?" The boy certainly is clever.

Stopping at a house by the track, I begged a bite.

"I've nothing at all," answered B. Leonard, "I'm baking biscuits."

"I'll be back in half an hour," said I, ducking just in time to escape a blow.

At the next house, Dorothy Ricketson gave me a cordial welcome by throwing a grape juice bottle in my general direction.

Reclining under a tree to rest, I observed Tom Flangheddy cavorting about in the branches. "I'm a bird," sang he. I evaporated quietly from the scene.

Slam!! I was surrounded by a net, also by Misses Witherell, Tullock, Rafter, Childs, and Clay. "I've got it!" shouted Louise, removing the net from my head and extracting a small winged insect. "It's a jazz bug." They drove me to the next town in their stone boat.

The pangs of hunger could not be suppressed. "Madame," said I to Miss Gough, who had just stepped out of her Panhard limousine, "I am slowly starving."

"I'm sorry," replied Carolyn, "but I know of no way to hasten the process." However, Miss Vasconcelles gave me a Nicoteena cigarette. You know, they stupify; Cohen & Barr make them."

On a billboard in front of a theater I saw Warner's Roof Garden. George Thayer, manager, presents Mlle. Bolster and her troupe who have just returned from Egypt where they were rivals to the Sphinx. I noticed the names of Misses Babbitt, Weygand, Campbell, Bourgoin, as the Nifty Babies Four; also Wise, Young, and Dean, The Jazz Trio.

As I saw Miss Macomber passing out envelopes in front of the opera house, I took one, which contained a handbill of the performance and a free ticket. It was the opening night, and the place was full.

Sophie Macphee and Laura Nichols were ushering. The prima donna, "Dot" Crew, rendered several beautiful selections assisted by Gladys Lincoln and Hester MacDonald, and accompanied by Alice Davis and "Stew" Waterfield.

I left early, but could not avoid the rush for the exits. Meeting Ted Spencer, I accepted his invitation, and we entered the Wide-awake Cafe.

The Spillanes, the "Dotty Sisters" of the day, entertained us until Pond inadvertently poured hot soup down Ted's neck. Pond excused himself on the ground that he was glancing at Frankie Quinlan, Hilda Haskins, and Dot King who had just entered.

"I'm sorry," explained the Baron," but I was wondering where they inherited their complexions.

"Fathers must have been calciminers, I guess," said Ted.

Leaving Spencer to lecture to Miss Richmond and Doris Marshall on the evils of vamping, I departed for the city park where I expected to pass the night. The only unoccupied bench was occupied by Sylvander and Ethel Levy, who, as usual, weren't speaking.

I passed on remembering that Asbury lived nearby. I rang the bell and "Dot" Cahoon, the French maid, answered. Explaining my business, I asked her if there was anybody at home.

"No," she replied, "this is George Bowman's residence," and slammed the door.

I proceeded circumspectly down the boulevard. "Could you direct me to the Salvation Army?".

"Masher!!" shrieked Hazel Boutilier, as she hit me with her umbrella. I managed to find the way, however.

It was no commonplace barracks that met my eye.

At the head was Adeline Hoernlein, who with her assistants, Miss Haskins, Hallin, Hackett, and Hodges, was doing fine work. As it cost me nothing, I spent the night.

Next morning, I found Asbury. "How did your speech go last night?"

"Fine! When I sat down, everyone said it was the best thing I ever did."

On the way to court, where he had a case on trial, we stopped in a haberdasher's.

"What made that customer walk out?" shouted Kelliher angrily to Miss Botway.

"I don't know. It was Ciolkosz, the dentist; he asked for a hat to suit his head, and I showed him a soft one."

"What's this so great about your new umbrella?" asked Will of Miss Cooperstein.

"Well, you see," replied Sarah, "nobody can walk off with it. When it is not in use, I keep the handle in my pocket."

At court I saw Elsie Evans as judge with Misses Coyle, Fenton, Cassidy, Hart, McCormick, and Molden in the jury box. The other six were men. Miss Cooper was in the witness box. "Pardon me one moment," said Elsie Young, counsel for defense," what was your last sentence?"

"I object," interrupted Willard.

"Objection not sustained," said Miss Evans.

"Witness, what was your last sentence?"

"Six months," replied Harriett, much to the amusement of Miss Silverman and Miss Teplow.

"Take them out," and Mary Rose took them out. The next witness was Ken Rankin.

"What's your occupation?" asked the judge.

"I'm a pall-bearer in the post office," said Ken. "I carry dead letters."

Miss Reid, council for plaintiff, withdrew her witness before he did

any more damage and placed him under the care of Nellie Simmons, the sheriff. The next case was that of Grace Woodward against the Parlow Pencil Company. Grace being an authoress, claimed that she could not write with the pencils furnished her as they spelled all the words wrong.

I stepped into a news store to buy a ticket for the next boat across. Vi Rayment was talking to Helen Wiley.

"I want to get Skeet a book for a birthday present. What binding is most suitable?"

"Calf, I should say," replied Helen.

I bought my ticket, and went aboard. About a day out the ship foundered, but as she carried a cargo of soap, we were all washed ashore. The strain was too great for me, however, and I have never fully recovered. The prescription of my physician had failed. All this change of scenery and of environment had availed nothing; nor had my human relationship. Nothing remained for me but pleasant recollections of renewed acquaintance with my mates of the class of 1921. May their shadows never grow less!

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY

ETHEL RICHMOND

A windless, dreary downpour beat upon the tin roof of the low farm kitchen, filling the room with its depressing rumble. At long intervals a single great drop seeped through the board ceiling and fell square upon the newspaper of the man before the stove, but he gave no sign that he noticed. Although his deep brooding eyes were fixed upon the print, it was plain that he did not read and that he was unconscious of everything about him. His whole attitude was one of gloomy thought. His powerful frame was slouched heavily in the chair, one foot elevated upon the stove hearth, the other stretched along the floor before him. His moody brows were drawn into a straight black line, and his jaw clinched the stem of a begrimed corncob pipe, at which he puffed explosively. The wrinkled edge of his newspaper was clutched in a knotted, hard, brown fist.

A woman shuffled back and forth through the acrid haze of smoke from the pipe, but he neither spoke to her nor looked in her direction. He did not even glance up when she stumbled over his feet on her way to the woodbox for fuel. She was a woman nearing forty, still comely, although now her face was drawn and her feet dragged with weariness. She was "setting a sponge" of bread dough for overnight, and as she slowly stirred in the flour, she glanced with a curious apprehension at the moody figure by the stove. Twice she seemed about to speak, but paused doubtfully. At last, as several drops of water splashed upon the man's newspaper, she said, in a cheerful tone which was plainly forced "Your paper's gettin' all wet, Jed."

"I guess I know it," growled the man between his teeth. But he did not move, and the woman with a worried pucker on her forehead turned to her bread again. The only sound was the drumming of the rain on the roof and the scrape and thump of the woman's mixing. Merely to relieve the quiet she rattled her spoon and pan, and, as she finished, clapped the cover on the pan with a resounding clash. She pulled a little table raspingly toward the stove and set the pan with a thump upon it, meanwhile attempting to hum a little tune, which died out vaguely in the oppressive silence. Sighing, she picked up a mending basket and settled herself in a chair beside the smoky lamp.

Suddenly Jed threw down the paper and clumped across the kitchen to the window with his head still bowed in gloomy meditation. He stared into the darkness through the rain-spotted glass and slowly knocked his pipe against the sill. Gradually his sagging hulk of a figure straightened, and the muscles of his jaw knotted. Then, without turning he said, deliberately and calmly, "I'll kill him, Mame. I'll kill him tonight."

"Jed Morley!" gasped the woman, swallowing the last syllable with a little choke. Her hands dropped limply to the pile of mending in her lap, and she stared in a kind of daze at her husband.

"Oh! You—you—Oh, don't!" she whispered, faintly.

Morley turned upon his heel, and with a sardonic smile and reckless jerk of his shoulders, said, "He's grabbing everything I've got on the place. I can't stand it. I won't stand it. It'll be a good thing when he's gone."

"But, Jed, I don't want you to," trembled the woman.

"What do I care what you want?" snarled Morley, angry now. "You could've stopped him from gettin' that corn, but you never stirred your stumps to save it for me. Just let it go the way everything else has gone in the last few weeks! Just let him have it!"

"Jed, don't kill him. I should think you could get along with him some way," said the woman, pleadingly. "I always did. I—I always kind of liked him."

The man turned upon her angrily.

"Yes. You! Oh, you could get along with him all right. You always kind of liked him. I know well enough yuh did. Lettin' him set on my porch all day, and you talkin' to him and feedin' him pie and cake. I know yuh kind of liked him, but I told yuh I'd kill him, and I will tonight. He won't sit on my porch again, eatin' my victuals and plannin' what he'll grab next. I know where to find him tonight well enough. I'll slit his throat for him!"

Mame stared speechlessly as her husband whirled crossed the room, slapped an old felt hat on his head, and hunched himself into a ragged coat. He strode to the mantel and drew from behind the row of kerosene lamps a slender knife. His violent movements unbalanced a glass chimney, and it fell with a splintering crash into the sink.

At sight of the knife, the wife gave a little cry and sprang toward him.

"Not that way! O Jed, not that way!"

"It's as good a way as any I know of," he snarled, and pushing her aside he flung himself through the door, slamming it so that the dingy walls of the old kitchen shook. He stepped from the porch in one great

stride, and splashed through the shallow pond that was his dooryard. Once in the sodden field beyond, he stepped more carefully, but his determination did not lessen. The drenching rain soaked the brim of his hat, and it flapped sloppily about his ears, sending rivulets of water inside the unbuttoned neck of his coat. His feet sank into the half liquid earth of the field, and the mud oozed into the tops of his shoes, but he paid not the slightest attention. Cautiously he neared the orchard. In the darkness and downpour nothing was visible far ahead save the shifting outlines of the trees. Morley stopped, and looked about him, thrusting his head forward to determine his position.

"The fool comes down to that tree in the lower corner," he thought. "I'll get him there, sure."

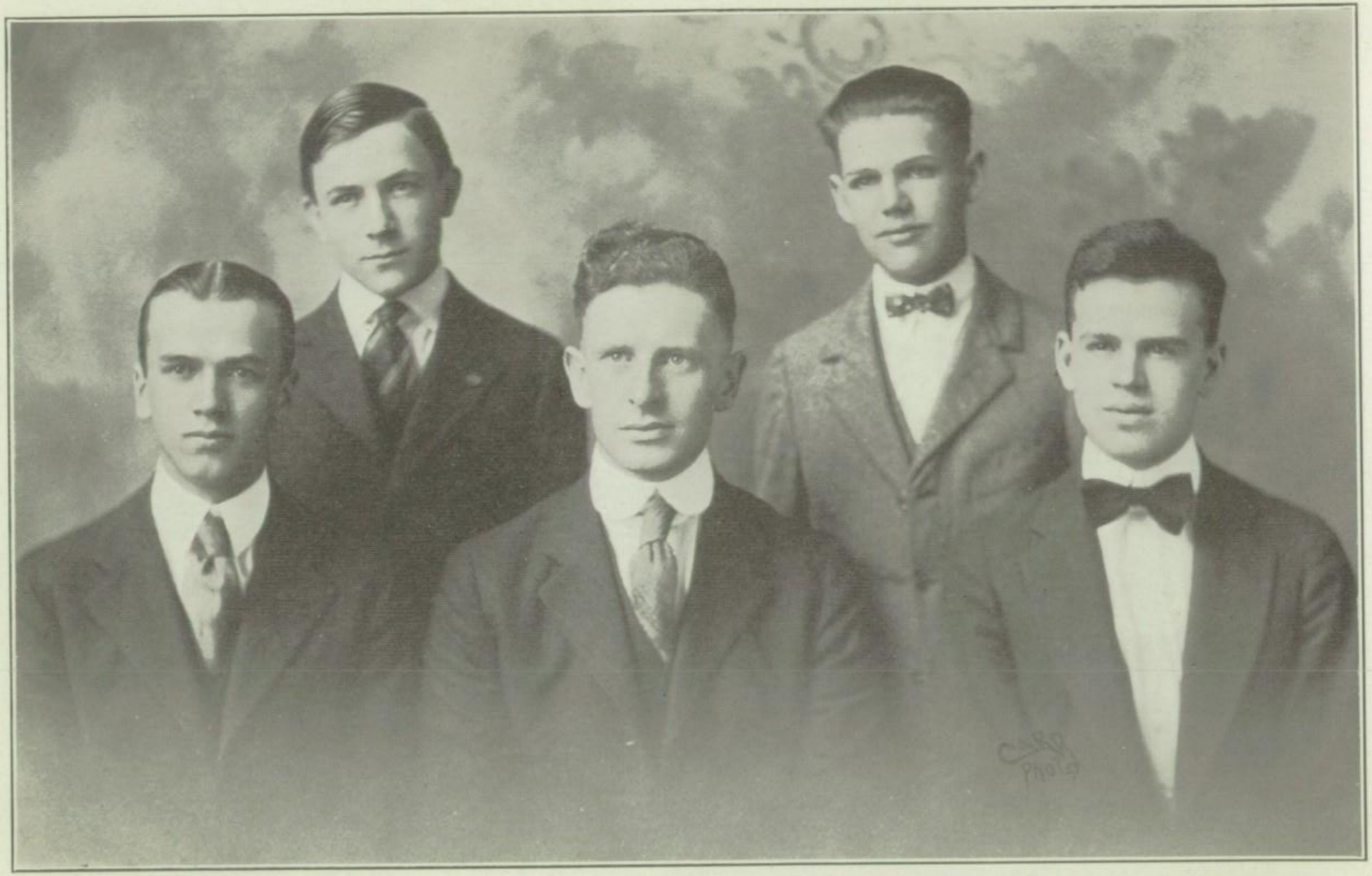
He crept toward the vague gray shape of the tree, and circling slowly, reached the outermost tips of its low branches. He listened. There was no sound but the monotonous swish of the rain. Stooping, he advanced step by step beneath the boughs and gazed upward. Between himself and the dusk of the sky loomed a dim outline, only a blacker blot among the dripping branches. The figure seemed not to have perceived him. He crouched lower, and slid a step farther. Then with a spring he threw himself upward, his mighty arms closed about the figure, and without a cry both fell back into the mud.

The clinging stuff hindered Morley's movements; it soaked his flapping coat; it plastered his hair and face and held him down; but with a colossal effort he struggled to his feet, still with his clutching hands about the neck of his enemy.

I've got you," he rasped, hoarsely. "Thought 'twas her comin' to feed yuh chocolate cake maybe, didn't yuh! I knew well enough where you'd be roostin' tonight. But you won't roost on my porch again. You've done it for the last time. D'ye hear? The last time!"

With a swift movement Morley whipped the knife from his pocket. One horrible cry shivered above the pelting of the rain, and Morley leaned panting against the tree trunk, gazing fascinated at the dreadful figure struggling in the slimy mud. But even as he gazed the soft splash of a footstep sounded behind him. A hand appeared out of the darkness and thrust something quickly toward him.

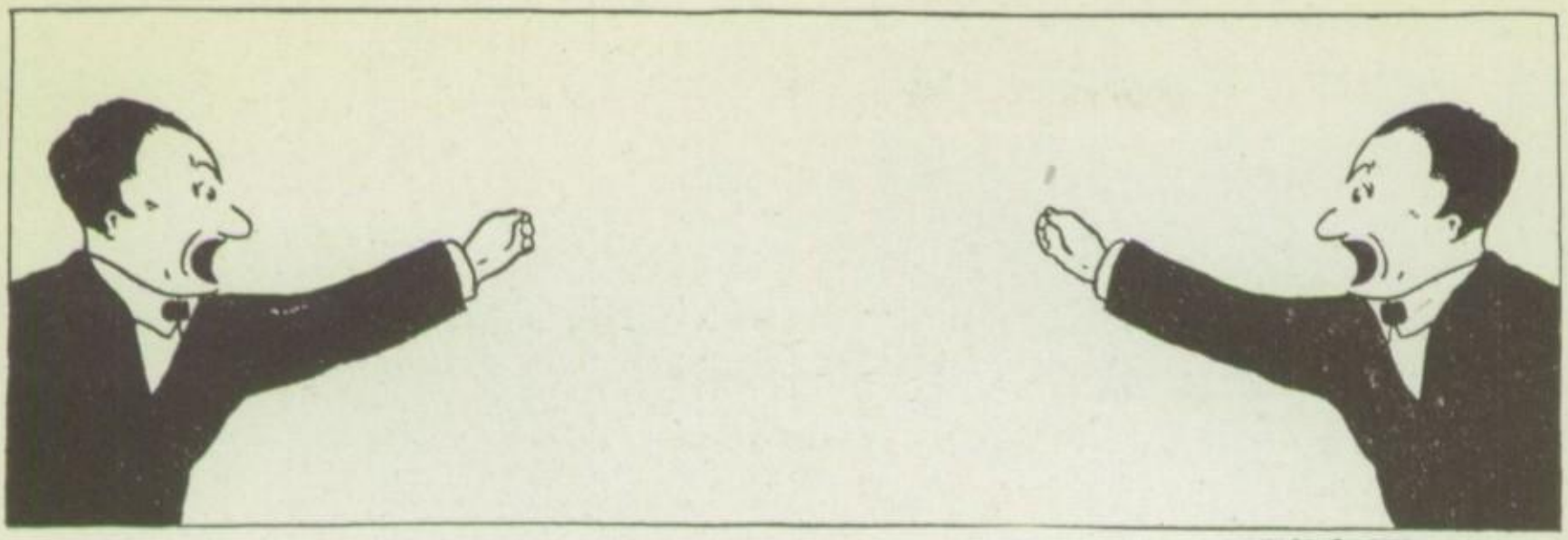
"Jed," quavered the voice of his wife, "Here's the pail and a kettle of hot water. You pick him. Don't seem's if I could. He was the handsomest rooster we ever owned."



ALBERT CARR

RUSSELL HATHAWAY WILLIAM QUINN, (Coach) FRANCIS BYRNE

WILLARD ASBURY (Captain)



DEBATING

IRVING A. BROWN

THE High School has reason to be proud of its Debating Team and the Kappa Chi Debating Society. From a membership of fifteen it has expanded to fifty. Its record has been unblemished and this year we not only turned out a winning team as usual but paid all the expenses incurred from the treasury of the society.

Acting upon arrangements made by the president—Mr. Brown, and our coach—Mr. Quinn, the team under the leadership of Captain Asbury defeated New Bedford on March 18th, receiving the award by a unanimous vote of the judges. The question was: Resolved that immigration to the United States should be abolished for a period of two years. A committee consisting of Captain Asbury and President Brown had all but completed arrangements with Brockton, when, after weeks of deliberation, Brockton finally discovered that she had defeated herself by her own statement of the question. Immediately Brockton quit cold.

During the year a new office was created, that of Business Manager, to facilitate debating arrangements.

Surely the school should be proud of a society that produces winning teams year after year.

THE OFFICERS

President, IRVING A. BROWN

Vice President, P. CANTOREGGI

Treasurer, HAZEL LAPHAM

Secretary
BEATRICE LAPHAM

Business Manager
DOROTHY RICKETSON

THE TEAM

Captain WILLARD ASBURY

1st Speaker
RUSSELL HATHAWAY

2nd Speaker
ALBERT CARR

3rd Speaker
WILLARD ASBURY

Alternate BYRNE

High School Orchestra

THE ORCHESTRA

SPENCER E. EATON

UNDER the leadership of Mr. Clemson and Mr. Robert Park, the High School Orchestra has made an excellent beginning. The orchestra meets Wednesday evenings for two hours of practice. It has played several times at school assemblies, but its first public appearance was at the health meeting of the Elementary Teachers' Association.

The following are members of the orchestra:

1st Violin

STUART WATERFIELD ARTHUR SMERDON FRANK COHEN
EARL SUNDERLAND SHELDON DEAN HENRY STAMPEL
PAUL GOLDSTEIN

2nd Violin

HIRAM RECKARD HERMANN SPOUSTA

Clarinet, KENNETH GARSIDE

Cornet

EDMUND GULLAGE CLEMENS KERN

Flute, SPENCER EATON

Trombone

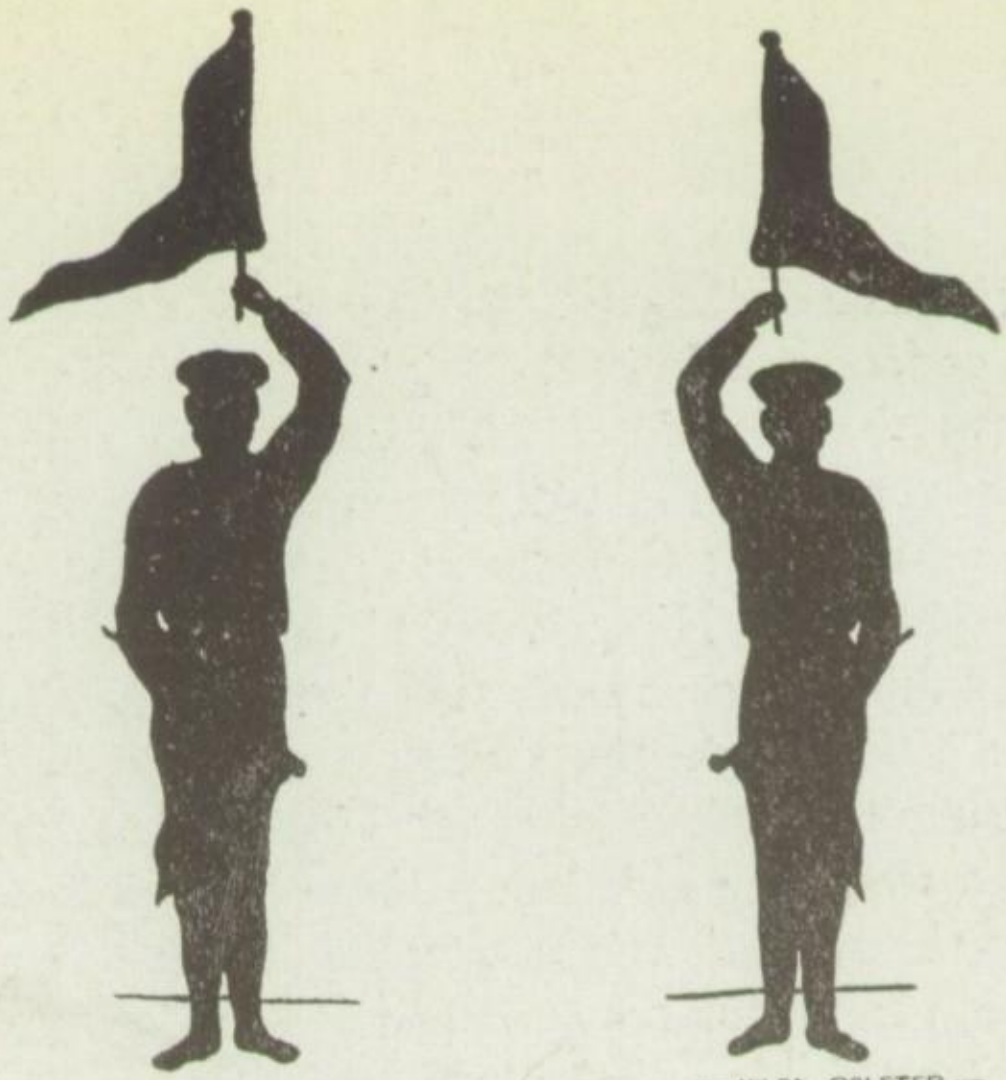
JOSEPH GAFFNEY SHELDON WILLIAMS

Cello, ROBERT CHANDLER Drums, HUBERT HAWKINS

Piano, RAYMOND WICHER

1ST LIEUT. DICKERMAN 2ND LIEUT. THAYER 1ST LIEUT. WITHERELL 2ND LIEUT. GARDNER

CAPT. SWIFT ADJ. EATON MAJOR CARR MAJOR DANFORTH CAPT. TAYLOR



— HILDA BOLSTER —

CADETS

WILLIAM H. SWIFT

THE class of 1921, made up of both the eighth and ninth grammar grades, enrolled so many recruits that in the autumn of 1917 there were three companies of cadets. Various factors, including the tearing down and the rebuilding of the school house and the influenza epidemic, interrupted their course of training. In spite of many obstacles, however, the year 1921 shows much progress in the cadets' study of military science. Battalion drill has been studied; also formations for street riots, field work, and extended order. The cadets have shown great interest in these maneuvers as they are a change from the close order drills.

The bugle corps has also progressed in proficiency. At first the cadets had only one bugler; now they have eight buglers and two drummers. The corps practices the various calls on drill days besides drilling with the companies. This necessitates their drilling four hours a week instead of two. As the corps is drilled by the older and more experienced buglers themselves, it receives many compliments at our prize drills.

The officers of the year '21 are as follows:

Major Albert M. Carr — *Adj.* Spencer E. Eaton

	Co. A.	Co. B.
Captains	William H. Swift,	Theodore Taylor
1*st* *Lieuts.*	Ralph T. Dickerman	Roger Witherell
2*nd* *Lieuts.*	George O. Thayer,	Sheldon Gardner
1*st* *Sergts.*	Nelson G. Burke,	H. Clifton Woodward

Color Sergt. Basil Needham

A change, during the past four years, has come about in the method of selecting the Major. Now he is appointed by the drill master, and not selected by competitive drill.

Since certain cadets remain in the High School five years, they attain higher offices than they would ordinarily get. This prevents a few of the regular four-year students from becoming commissioned officers. Therefore I recommend that the following amendment be added to the constitution of the Taunton High School Cadets; "All men serving in the cadets for more than four years shall automatically be transferred to the officers' staff and shall retain the same rank which they held in their fourth year, the same to be placed on their Honorable Discharge." Then the fifth-year man would be able to continue his drilling, and a fourth-year man could at the same time have what rightly belongs to him.

The competition this year between the companies is very keen, both officers and privates thinking theirs is the better company. The keenness of this competition is shown not only in the company movements, but also in the manual of arms.

The competitive drill this year will be held in June. The drills are now held in the State Armory, and the entire Battalion at the present time is looking forward to the June Drill, which, as all indications show, will be as great a success as were the two previous prize drills.

FOOTBALL

ARTHUR M. POND

AS Walter Camp, the great American athlete and writer said, "It is not the victory that counts so much, but the spirit in which the game is played." For the last two years the Taunton football squad have had their ups and downs, but always in victory or defeat they have played the game according to Mr. Camp's idea.

Coach Danolds, or "Pat", as all know him, had the great task of forming inexperienced men into suitable material to meet the fast teams of New Bedford, Brockton, Fairhaven, and Fall River. Having suffered defeat by these seasoned players, Taunton always came up smiling ready for the next. It is an honor to win, but a far greater honor to take defeat as Taunton has. The class of '21 wish to extend to "Pat" and Captain Cohen their heartiest wishes for a victorious season for 1921.

"T" MEN

Morris Cohen
Harold Blood
Pasquel Cantoreggi
Willard Asbury
Albert Higginbotham
Frank McNally
Roger Witherell
Francis Tracy
Hermann Spousta
Henry Blevins
Merrill Pond
Norman Cameron
George Hemingway

(Coach) DANOLDS, (Trainer) BUCKLEY, KING, MASTERSON, F. COHEN (Manager)
GARDNER, PHILLIPS McNELLY, COE, BUELL
WITHERELL, HIGGINBOTHAM, GREGG SPENCER

BASEBALL

ARTHUR M. POND

At the first call for baseball candidates the old-time High School spirit prevailed. Over thirty men came out in response to "Pat's" notice. With "Bobby" Gregg as captain and eight veterans of last year, Taunton is out for the championship of the Bristol County league and for the cup.

The baseball team is putting over a better brand of playing than in former years. Backed by the A. A., numbering over three hundred members, and by the enthusiastic support of the student body, the Orange and Black is sure to be the winner.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

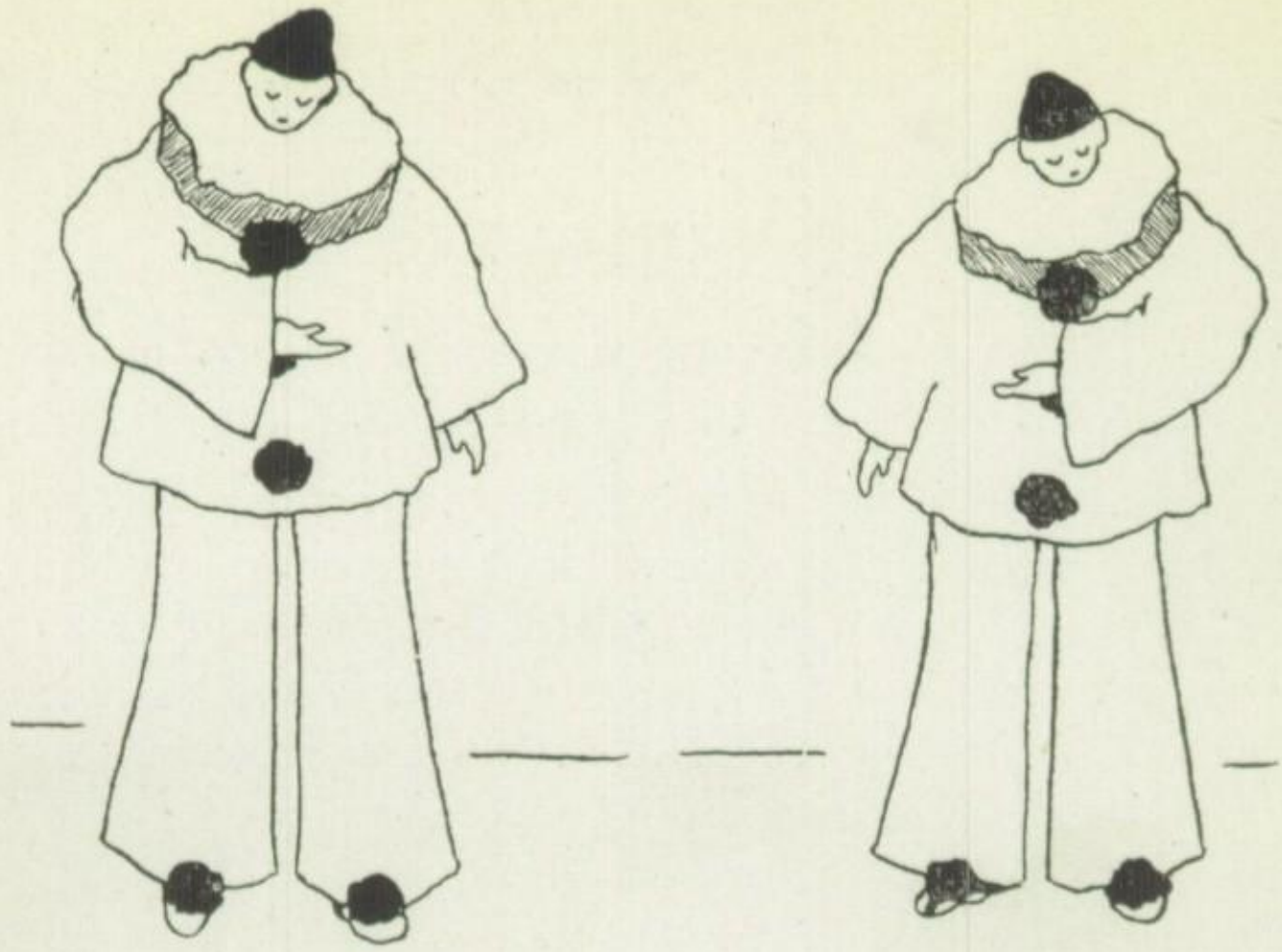
LOUISE AUSTIN

The girls' gymnasium, under the instruction of Mr. Danolds, has been a great success. As soon as the girls had been drilled in the regular setting-up exercises, they entered directly into basket ball. A series of interesting games was played between the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes, a plan which tended to foster class spirit in a large degree. Not withstanding the fact that some of the girls on the teams had never played before, there were some snappy games full of quick, dashy playing.

When spring came, the girls were taught indoor baseball. There were some very exciting games down in the gymnasium, even though the players were not entirely professional in appearance.

Basket ball and baseball were the most common sports, but of the two, basket ball is undoubtedly the more important. A few years ago basket ball was of very little import in schools and colleges, but in the last two years, it has risen in popularity to the side of baseball and football. Practically every high school of any size or importance has a girls' basket ball team.

The girls of Taunton High have material to produce a winning team. The objection may immediately arise that they have had altogether too little experience, that they are over-confident. That quality is not over-confidence, but enthusiasm. It is because of enthusiasm that the members of the girls' gym. class of '21 have it in their power to win, and they are all looking forward to next winter in great anticipation of the time when they can give further proof of their ability.



— HILDA BOLSTER —

JOKES

IRVING A. BROWN

"I wonce new
A girl
That were so modist
She wouldn't evin do
Improper fraxyins."

TEACHER (reading): "The woman threw herself into the river. Her husband rushed to the bank." Now tell me why her husband rushed to the bank.
Cant: "To get the insurance money."

COACH: "Have you taken a shower?"
Berkover: "No, is one missing?"

CARR: "Did you see the barb-wire dresser at the Drill?"
Chandler: "No, what was that?"
Carr: "Protect the property but don't obstruct the view."

FRASER (in class): "Every time I get up some fool speaks."

BLEVINS: "Hey, don't shoot! Your gun isn't loaded!"
Spencer: "Can't help it, the bird won't wait."

R A.: "Don't you want to start the Vic?"
R. H.: "Why?"
R. A.: "It's about time you started something."

Ist. Serg't Burke: "What right have you got to swear before me?"
Private: "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

GIRLING: "I didn't get to drill today till after roll call, but I fooled them."
Molasses: "How's that?"
Girling: "I slipped into the ranks when nobody was looking."

COHEN: "How do you know he's an osteopath?"
Hemingway: "I heard him say he made his money rolling the bones."

D C.: "I told you to come after supper and it's only six o'clock now."
W. A.: "That's what I came after."

MR. Walker: "Do you know why you can't get better marks?"
Cabral: "I can't think."

POND: "Say, how long could I live without brains?"
Perra: "That remains to be seen."

DILL: "I had a fall last night that rendered me unconscious for six hours."
Dick: "What happened!"
Dill: "I fell asleep."

TAYLOR (at drill): "Pardon my forgetfulness, but do you spell your name with an "e" or an "i"?
She: "With an "i", please,—Hill."

STORIES OF REAL LIFE

Girl, boy, buggy,
Boy, auto,
Girl, boy, auto,
Boy, buggy,

Last Sunday evening
I went riding with Jane.
About 11
When the moon was fine,
Jane said,
"I'm cold."
So I stopped and got a blanket
From the carrier,
And I bundled
Her up.

This Sunday
Jane
Went riding
With Jack.

—I thank you.

The Brown Jug.

THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS

Here are the secrets of success:

First, what the public wants possess,
And, second, only of a grade
That satisfies and holds the trade,
Third, make the public realize
You have it—that's to advertise,
Fourth, watch expenses to a penny
So you can sell as cheap as any,
Fifth, give some service with the sale
That brings you friends that never fail,
Sixth, let the customers expect
To pay for what you sell—collect,
And, seventh, see the price they pay
Leaves something for a rainy day—
That makes quite simple secret eight:
To grow, and never to inflate.

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on hot Summer days

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Bradford Durfee Textile School

of Fall River

General Cotton Manufacturing
Designing and Weaving
Chemistry and Dyeing
Engineering

Send for Catalogue

THE SENIOR ALPHABET

A stands for Algebra I
That nobody ever has done,
For we go to see
In room 1-0-3
Mr. Walker, and have lots of fun.

BASEBALL and Bob begin with a B,
And why it is most easy to see
For Baseball sans Bob
Would be quite a job,
And hard on the old Orange T.

C's the big letter in our editor's name
And he's a boy known to fame;
He's always *quite* right,
But in plays he's a *sight*,
Now wouldn't you call that a shame.

D is the letter that stands for Debate
Where Asbury and Carr are just simply great,
Their minds are so keen,
That it's easily seen
Why their opponents meet such a fate.

Everything
For
Summer Sports

Tennis Rackets
Tennis Nets and Tapes
Tennis Court Markers
Baseball Supplies
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ATLAS BUCKRAM CO.

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W. B. LINCOLN

Piano Store

(Everything in the Musical line)

E is for English—we love (?) it so well;
Although about Comus we little can tell,
Though on Johnson we're hazy,
And Macbeth was crazy,
These things our love for it never can quell.

FLUNK is a word we all hate to hear.
Its sound is painful unto the ear.
For the older we grow,
And the less we know,
The more and more we have it to fear.

G is for "Gordy," a lad,
Who's not, when you know him, half bad;
But with Mr. Quinn,
He had a run in,
Which made little Gordon quite sad.

H is for Helen so sweet,
Who blushingly met her defeat;
For "I have a cold"
Is really too old
For a musical maid to repeat.

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"Home of the flowers"

Beside the Strand

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"North End Clothier"

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R. M. TUCKER

Agent for

Studebaker Motor Cars

35 Weir Street

Special Rates to all Graduates

OLIVER, Photographer

Providence, R. I.

I stands for Izzy, a child
Whose temper's so meek and so mild,
You couldn't displease him
By trying to tease him;
His "patience" would just drive you wild!

J is for Juniors, who gave to us free,
A jolly good time and a fine chance to see
In a magical way,
The head of Ze Bray,
And hear what the future shall be.

KAPPA Phi Delta begins with a K
Its a secret society—so they say—
We call it the "frat,"
'N let it go at that,
For the girls are all pretty and gay.

LIVE little ladies, we know three,
Misses Lincoln and Leonard and Ethel Levy;
Poor old room 1-0-6
Always is in a fix,
Caused by the antics of this lively three.

Plants, Cut Flowers

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M is for Military Drill
Which quite shows off our captains' skill.
Though Taylor is tall,
Swift doesn't *fall*,
Which scores one up for little Bill.

NEEDHAM is one of the men
Whose name doth begin with an N.
When shoes you do get,
Look out you don't let
Him sell you a size number ten.

O stands for Maura O'Neil,
Of spelling she knows a good deal,
For though we did rue it
That we couldn't do it
She earned the ten dollars, we feel.

P could stand for no one but Pat—
And to him we take off our hat—
In baseball we're winning
In 'most every inning,
And to him we owe most of that.

Q is most always a little bit queer;
But not so the 'q' we have here;
The reason no doubt,
Will soon be found out,
For Frankie you know is a dear!

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TWO FRIENDS

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A FRIEND

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PARK-CROTTY

ORCHESTRA

R stands for Ripley and Rankin,
Who sometimes do both need a spankin',
If the truth were really known,
We think it could be shown,
That "Biddy" knows something of crankin'.

S is the very next letter.
It stands for Miss Stone have you met her?
I venture to say
If you meet her some day
In English, you'll never forget her.

T is for Tetlow, the fellow, you know,
Whose dimples do daily much deeper grow.
In vain does he turn,
And try to look stern,
For the dimples much better do show.

U stands for something Unique,
Almost, you might call him a freak;
A senior who'd not,
Every chance that he got,
Decide that t'was his turn to speak.

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COLBYS' Inc.

Established Three-quarters of a Century

Vi has sole claims on letter V,
And a snappy young lady is she;
But if you should doubt it,
Just ask her about it,
And that's all you'll get out of me.

W stands for Woodward, the boy
Who gets out of music (?) much joy.
He's the man with the drum,
Playing rum-a-tum-tum
For the world, like a kid with a toy.

X is as usual unknown
He's a Senior who "modest has grown"
He does not declare,
With a gratified air,
That the whole earth is twenty-one's own.

Y is the letter that stands for you,
Oh dear august Senior who,
In scanning this book,
Stops a minute to look,
And smiles at a good line or two.

Z is really the very last
Of this, our dear old High School past;
It stands for us all,
Large, medium, small,
And the happy four years gone so fast.

D. King.

MRS. L. M. LOTHROP

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